Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

ishment of death for their crimes, in every part of England, are, it is believed, in this miserable state of ignorance. Sir Richard Phillips found on examination of the jails in London, that by far the greater number of the prisoners could neither read nor write. Let us hear no more of the danger of instructing the poorer classes of Society. Ignorance never contributed to make a man a peaceable or good citizen.

SPEECH OF GEORGE THE SECOND TO PARLIAMENT, AGAINST IMPRESSING SEAMEN, JAN. 27th, 1727-8.

"I should look upon it as a great happiness, if, at the beginning of my reign, I could see the foundation laid of so great and necessary a work as the encrease and encouragement of our seamen in general: and that they may be invited rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the service of of their country, as far as occasion shall require it; a consideration worthy the representatives of a people, great, and flourishing in trade and navigation."

MERCY BETTER THAN SACRIFICE.

Albert, of the house of Austria, was assassinated in 1308. His sister, Agnes, during the retaliation which was inflicted afterwards on the adherents and families of the assassins, is said to have repeatedly exclaimed from the legend of St. Elizabeth, "now I bathe in May dew" a proverb expressing the most delicious pleasure. She, in conjunction with the widow of Albert, built and endowed a magnificent convent on the spot where he was assassinated. It was with great difficulty she could be prevailed on to spare the infant child of the Lord of Eschenbach, whom the soldiers of her party rescued from her hands at the moment she was preparing to strangle it, and above one thousand lives are supposed to have been sacrificed to glut her vengeance. Yet Agnes surpassed the most devout nuns, in fasting, praying, giving alms, and working costly implements for the church; but history records with pleasure the answer of an aged hermit, to her offer of asylum in the convent: "Woman" said he "God is not served by shedding innocent blood, and by building convents from the plunder of families, but by compassion and forgiveness of injuries."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ANALYSIS OF 1809.

Continued from No. 13, p. 129.

Et quod non didici, sane nescire fateri.

INFANTS OF KOSTER, here we come again,
Pray, can you give me any news from Spain?
"From Spain, sweet sir, aye, that we can indeed;
Such news mayhap, as never yet was read,
Except in Castlereagh's grand gazette!
Which sees a vict'ry in a sad defeat."

Where, *ad captandum vulgus*—hold Sir Arthur,
Is clothed with every honour—save the garter,
Which, in due time, will on his shoulders fall,
Baron and viscount—in a moment start,
Upon his head—for losing only part,
Then, what must happen when he loses all?

Victor, and Ney, and "*cursed Soult*," may vapour,
About their gaining battles—but on paper,
(Though sick and wounded he may leave behind,)
Sir Arthur beats them evermore we find,
And still when foes upon his army press,
He is the boy—for negative success.

Sir Arthur fights, Sir Arthur runs away;
Thinking the Spaniards after him will stay;
Sir Arthur stops—thinking Cuesta watches,
While he, at Deleytoza, writes dispatches;
Stating that want of meat's the only reason,
Why he advances backwards out of season!
And 'scaped from Victor, calls himself a hero,
For doing which, he now is Baron Duero!

Then after telling us of all the thrashments,
He gave the Frenchmen, talks of "embarrasments,"

Which, God knows how, poor man upon him
stole;
His army, sternly, front and rear assailing,
'Gainst which, he says, "my skill was unavailing,
And all my faculties could not control:
These are the facts I hereby do declare"
For these, he's created Viscount Talavera!

Thrice happy government, which can reward
A fav'rite minion, waving all regard
To merit or demerit—Pitt for ever!
Whose system was—let all things go by favour!

Whether it was a wise and prudent measure,
To spend upon these Spaniards so much treasure,
So many lives and such a wanton waste
Of British blood, we do'nt pretend to say,
But under Joseph Bonapart they may,
As much tranquillity enjoy at least,
(Nay, might perchance, even better their condition,)
As under Ferd'nand, and the Inquisition.

'Tis to be hoped that shortly we shall see,
(After the sapient toasts with three times three,
So gravely given in the English taste,
By Spanish grandees at the civic feast,
To Wellesley's Marquis,) all the Spanish folk,
Get up, and nobly break the tyrant's yoke;
Yet after all their simultaneous boasting,
Their furious zeal we deem—will end in toasting!
If drinking toasts could furnish ground to hope,
We might look up, for Wellesley drank the Pope!

From lost Iberia, *enfants* turn your eyes,
Let's look around, if any prospect lies,
Of any chance, where we could make a slip,
And burn a village, or destroy a ship!
The expedition—say how it succeeds,
Tell us of mighty Chatham's mighty deeds,
Tell how his thunder gave our foes a touch,
And how he sack'd the Burrows of the Dutch,
Tell if he has taken aught that we can keep?
Were't e'en a thousand of Merino sheep!!

"Lord sir, your fancy, how it widely wanders,
Merino sheep are not produced in Flanders.

But listen well,
And we shall tell,
How Chatham sail'd,
To storm the Scheld,
And drew his sword,
To give the word,
Then gently put it in its sheath again,
Too wise to go,
To meet the foe.
'Cause Foe had five and thirty thousand men.

And Chatham, Master Gen'ral of the guns,*
Before the Prince of Ponte Corvo runs,
Tho' at the head of thousands ten times ten!

Harry the King, who fought at Agincourt,
Had Ponte Corvo, and a dozen more
Of Boni's Marshals, their appearance made
Upon the tented field, would thus have said,

"O God of battles steel my soldiers' hearts!
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them.....
.....turn thee back,
And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,
(Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,)
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;
My numbers lessened; and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen,—yet forgive me, God
That I do brag thus!—this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master, here I am;
My ransom, is this frail and worthless trunk;
My Army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on
Tho' France, himself, and such another neighbour,
Stand in our way." *King Henry V.*

Had Wolfe, or Marlborough been in the Scheld,
With less than half the means that Chatham held,
Ere this they had advanced, ere this returned—
The Gallic forts destroy'd, their navy burn'd—
And the flotilla, brought with so much care
Through Furnes' canal,—blown up into the air.

Time was, when Britons on the Gallic coast,
Successive victories, could for centuries boast,
But still, since Chatham's brother took the helm,
In every case disasters overwhelm;
Defeats—Destruction—Danger and Disgrace,
To wait on all our measures never cease!

From these most dismal words begun with D,
Avert your eyes, behold the Jubilee!
The panacea and palladium sure,
Which all our evils—all our crimes will cure,
Which, though our prospects were as dark as smoke,
Will cover us from trouble like a cloak.

Sir Arthur's blunders, Chatham's want of skill
With dire presage the public mind may fill,
But public danger, we must all agree,
Will be averted by this Jubilee!

The lads who muster in St. Stephen's Hall,
Scudding like rabbits at sage Spencer's call;*
Contractor! Jobber! Pensioner! will he
Cry come and celebrate our Jubilee!
Running like chickens when a kite they flee,
And nestle under wing of Jubilee!
Meat, drink, and clothing, every man must see,
Are amply furnished by this Jubilee!

Mynheer Von Koster, might perchance now *au* us,
Will this same Jubilee reduce the taxes?

---

*Of the Ordnance we presume.

*Probably the poet means, the Rt. Hon. Spencer Percival, Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c. &c. &c.

Will't bring us back the millions which are swallow'd
In all the wild-goose projects we have follow'd?
Will it atone for blood profusely shed?
Or raise our slaughtered kinsmen from the dead?
Is't not a dream, a fiction and a tale,
Same as a tub thrown out—t'amuse the whale,
A scheme contrived by knaves, with view infernal,
Which clearly tends to have perpetuated,
These dreadful evils by themselves created,—
Confusion, anarchy, and war eternal.
Who does not see its end, is a mere gull,
A pillaged—moon-struck calf like Johnny Bull.

Edentecullo, 4th September, 1809. CALDERONE.

Addition to the above.

But why thus serious on so gay a matter?
Better by far to join the loyal clatter.
See Doodle and great Noodle both advance,
Singing our triumphs over conquered France,
Subdued upon the plains of Talavara.
See a black band led on by big O'Meara,
Join them and all the other shouting fellows,
For Royalty to make a *noise* quite *zealous*;
See all in chorus, grand, full and *sonorious*,
Chant out glad paeans to the day so glorious,
And sing this song composed by inspiration,
To show the loyal feelings of the Nation.

SONG.*

"*Doodle.* Sure such a day,
So renown'd, so victorious,
Such a day as this was never seen;
Courtiers so gay,
And the mob so uprorious,
Nature seems to wear an universal grin.

Noodle. Duke to his Poll,
Is grown bobbish and uxorious,
While she and Mistress Carey tipple talking tawdry,
Even Mr. Sol, so tifted out, so glorious,
Shines like a beau in a new birth-day embroidery.

Doodle. O 'tis a day of Jubilee cajolery,
A day we never saw before,
A day of fun and drollery.

Grand chorus. That you may say,
Their Majesties may boast of it,
And since it never can come more,
'Tis fit we make the *most* of it."

*Tragedy of Thumb, Act 1st.

A WISH, BY D. A.

THO' time has not sprinkled his frost on my head,
Yet some of its blossoming honours are shed,
And I hope I remember without being told,
That if I live long enough, I must grow old.

So let me sit down in a humour for musing,
Since nothing is easier than wishing and chusing,
And gravely consider what life I'd commence,
Should I reach out the distance of twenty years hence.

The young ones swarm'd out, and all likely to thrive,
And something still left to support the old hive,
I'd retire with my dame to a vill of my own,
Where we'd nestle together like Darby and Joan.

On the slope of a hill-top be plac'd my retreat,
With a wood on the back, and a stream at the feet,
At the front be a meadow, rich, verdant, and gay,
Where my horse, and a cow may find pasture and hay,

A garden, besure, I cannot be without,
With walks and high hedges well fenced about,
All blushing with fruit, and all fragrant with flowers,
With dry gravel walks, and sweet shady bow'rs.

O sweet sensibility, child of my soul,
Ill purchas'd the wisdom which thee must control,
Of thy friendly spirit when once we're bereft,
In life there is nothing worth living for left.

Then let it be ever the chief of my art,
To foster a generous glow in my heart,
Give way to effusions of friendship and love,
Nor the palsy of age these passions remove.

My boys and their spouses, my girl and her mate,
Shall come when they please, nor need knock at my gate;
And at Christmas we'll revel in mirth and good cheer,
Should we live poorer for it the rest of the year.

An old friend from the town shall sometimes take a walk,
To spend a day with me in sociable talk,
We'll discuss knotty points, compare what we've read,
And warm'd with a bottle move slowly to bed.

When ev'nings grow long, and we're glooiny at home,
To vary the scene, 'mong our neighbours we'll roam,
See how the world passes, collect all the news,
And return with a load of new works, and reviews.